THE PASTIME.

(A LITERARY PAPER.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

THE PURVEYOR.—No. III.

——— O he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

SHAKESPEARE.

INNOVATIONS upon literature are as dangerous in their tendency, as innovations upon government. In resisting innovations however, let me not be understood to oppose the progress of improvement. The latter implies an advancement from good to better, while the former is a substitution of an untried novelty in the place of a positive establishment. One meliorates—the other destroys:—one perfects what the wisdom of ages had erected, the other prostrates that wisdom in the dust. But from these innovations so ruinous in their nature, not even the structure of language can claim exemption;—they pervade alike the subjects of discussion, and the style in which those subjects are described. Among the many characters of style which rhetoricians distinguish, we are presented with the simple and the affected, the nervous and the feeble, the dry and the florid. It is reserved for Sir John Carr to combine all the prominent deformities of each into one nondescript mongrel, and with a [illegible]ncy to outride all the [illegible]lly into the regions of affectation. In his "Tour through Holland," to the examination of which the last and the present number were chiefly directed, we observe a perpetual attempt at vivacity and elegance. But solicitous as he is to decorate his pages with brilliants and gems, we are sorry to discover that his brilliants are borrowed, and that his gems are of paste. His alliterations are frequent, and as [illegible] abortions of wit are as common as his chapters.

Verbal criticism is not the object of the author of this essay;—but he cannot forbear to remark that Sir John's representation of being ushered into Holland in "a *furtive* manner,"*—his endeavour "to *dulcify* a man's temper,"†—his description of "*sudorific* amusements,"‡—and "Inns *brimful* of guests,"§ are decorations of style, which like the pendant in the Cherokee's nose may excite risibility, but must fail to secure admiration. In the 277th page, he describes to us "*mural* ruins *perched* upon the pinnacles of mountains." A wonderful incongruity of figure indeed! A *crow* may *perch*, and a *goose* may *perch*, but to see "*mural* ruins roost upon a mountain, is a rhetorical beauty peculiarly adapted to the exquisite taste of Sir John Carr.

If the critic does not intermingle praise with censure, he will probably be considered as illnatured and severe.

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* Vide p. 8. † p. 10. ‡ p. 63. § p. 290.

With the special view therefore of espying some latent beauty to unfold, as a salvo to my own reputation, I have searched through this volume. But I have searched in vain. In truth, his object seems to be *to write a book*, and if he can prefix a fascinating Table of Contents to give currency to the sale, and swell it to a sufficient size to induce a bookseller to purchase, the object is accomplished. Unlike Johnson, Hamilton, Swinburne, Brydone and Topham, he appears to possess no discriminating mind that surveys as well the sinuosities of intellect as of coast—that traces the habits, manners and customs of the country he visits from their ultimate causes, and again combines those causes with their effects, and deduces either moral, political or scientific truth from his discoveries :—But after having taken a superficial and desultory view of the harbours and streets—after having measured the gaols and described the inns, he returns to his bookseller in due season for sale, with Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters in one pocket, and his catchpenny port folio stuffed with travelling items in the other. To that elegance of style, correctness of language, originality of sentiment, keen perspicacity and deep research, which a Tourist ought to possess, Sir John Carr can lay no legitimate claim. His last work—and may it be his last!—is, in short, the most stale, pedantic, barren and uninteresting publication we have ever seen under the denomination of a Tour. But he must "fret his busy hour upon the stage," and soon the shades of oblivion will cover his volumes.

It has been said that America is his next object. But from such Tourists may this country be delivered! We have had enough of them already. May not the poppinjay Carr, be added to the ignorant Parkinson, and to the ungrateful Moore! It is hard indeed that we cannot bestow upon him "one poor praise." But in the temple of justice, Sir John, when stripped of his gorgeous finery, will be adjudged an interloper upon the commonwealth of Letters. But although the assumption of the name of American secured him from the arrests of Napoleon at the expense of our country, yet having no personal pique against him, our benevolence induces us to hope that he may live long—after his travels and tours are forgotten.

For the Pastime.

ON THE DIVERSITY OF HUMAN GENIUS, AND ITS CAUSES.

When we look abroad, through the boundless theatre of wonders in which we are situated, we discover, on every side, an infinite diversity of objects, by which the active and inquisitive intellect may continually extend the boundaries of human knowledge. In the vast field of nature, in the beings of the earth, the ocean, and the air, a treasure of unlimited variety is displayed, which the wisdom of every age has explored with increasing admiration. But when we leave the material world, and approach the borders of the intellectual creation, we may here still farther feast the mind, devoted to sublime researches, and still farther indulge the enquiring genius, in watching the endless variety of immaterial being.

The diversity of human genius, which has prevailed throughout every period and every quarter of the world, is too obvious to have eluded the attention of the most idle observer. Even men of the most limited acquirements, who have never stored their minds with the history of man, and who have rarely extended the narrow circle of their enquiry beyond the borders of their native village, have often seen it at the rural feast and the rural dance. But those, who have traversed without confinement the [illegible]d field of literature; who[illegible]n the ardor of re-

search, every period and nation; who have walked deliberately from slavery to the throne, and seen the operations of human nature in every stage of life, are still more surprised at the diversity which prevails in the human intellect. A few illustrious personages appear to our view in the long perspective of six thousand years, who have arisen to cheer, decorate and enlighten our system of the universe, who seem to have been endowed with all the qualities of genius, adjusted in the exactest harmony and proportion. With a combination of the most delicate as well as the profoundest of faculties—with *invention*, *judgment* and *imagination*, they could summon to their aid, new images and new trains of events whenever necessity commanded; they could select the good from the evil, the beauties from the deformities of nature; they could leave the limited concerns of life, and wander at large in the wild regions of fancy, and almost animate the statue, give charms to the monster, and beauty to imperfection itself. But limited indeed is the number of those who can turn with equal ardor and success to the investigation of every art and science, and to whom, genius, with a liberal hand, has imparted all her gifts. At whatever period of life, at whatever period of society, we cast an eye upon the great family of man, we shall find almost every individual bearing a mark of distinction, and endowed with a talent, peculiar to himself. Some unfold elevated and brilliant powers in the field, others in the cabinet; some excel in the quickness of fancy; others in penetration, acuteness and judgment. The astronomer pursues with enthusiasm the various windings of the celestial bodies. To him, the science of the earth is mean and insipid; and when once mounted on the wing in search of other worlds, even the most important concerns of life can rarely interest his wandering soul. The metaphysician is closely engaged in tracing the mysterious operations and faculties of the mind. Absorbed within himself, and confined to the wonders of the intellect, the busy scenes of life, and the phenomena of the visible creation command but little more than an idle dream or a momentary thought. And should he, occasionally, wander abroad to glance at nature or the world; should he ever venture forth from his closet and his books, it is merely from a speculative purpose and to aid the cause of his enquiry. Cicero, who long stood the grand bulwark of Roman eloquence, and who yet remains in the front rank among all the heroes of literature, utterly failed in his attempt at poetry. He could bow down with irresistible persuasion, the stubborn minds of an audience; he could touch every fibre of the heart, and rouse every passion of the soul. But whenever he attempted to revel in the court of the muses, they fled like shadows from before him, and would never submit to his embraces. The sublime soul of Ossian rises in epic poetry, far superior to vulgar competition. Born in an age, when genius often shoots forth free and unconstrained into a thousand channels, the Caledonian bard was wild in his numbers as the works of nature, yet sublime and beautiful. With awful and melancholy grandeur, he could elevate the mind in astonishment and wonder;—he could seize with majestic energy on the heart, and melt it into tenderness and pity;—he could dwell among rocks, and torrents, and battles, and the spirits of departed heroes;—he could ride upon the whirlwind, the tempest, and the *dark-rolling ocean*.

In the celebrated Edmund Burke, we discover the genius of Europe and of the present age. Wielding, at his pleasure, the thunder and the lightning of eloquence, he could fetter the understanding, and lead captive the heart. Sometimes, his vast soul penetrated deep into the caverns of philosophy and science; again he soared aloft on the broadest pinions of ima-

gination. Sometimes, he descended to the humble calls of life;—again seized on the helm of the political ship, and conducted her in safety through the dark tempests of party and sedition. With a prophetic eye, he viewed at a single glance, the present and the future situation of his country; and like a skilful physician, poured wine and oil into the wounds of the political body, watching with intuitive sagacity the first stages of disorder. He rose like a genial spirit on the sacred island of Britain, and warming and invigorating her declining years, animated from the struggles of death, this last friend in the old world, to liberty and man. He appeared to England as the morning star to the mariner, who has long been beaten by the midnight storm, and is splitting among rocks or sinking into quicksands. Like the lightning which darts from heaven, and dashes the lofty dome in ruins, he broke down with a vigorous and invincible arm, the strong holds of tyranny and oppression. With one hand he embraced to his bosom the sacred PALLADIUM of British rights; with the other, beat back the troubled flames of depravity, which rolled with violence from the funeral pile of France.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

For the Pastime.

LIFE OF MRS. BLEECKER,

THE MOTHER OF THE LATE MRS. FAUGIERES.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER, the youngest daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler of the city of New-York, was born, October 1752. Though in her early years, she never displayed any partiality for school, yet she made so great proficiency in the first rudiments of learning that she was able to read, with propriety, any book which came to hand, long before children in common, pass their spelling-books. Her poetical productions, which made their appearance very early, displayed a taste far superior to her years; yet so great was her diffidence of her own abilities, that none but her most intimate acquaintances, were ever indulged with a view of any of her performances, and then they were no sooner perused, than she destroyed them.

Hence it happens, that none of her compositions previous to 1769, are extant. She then married John L. Bleecker, Esq. of New-Rochelle, and from that time, appears to have become more desirous of cherishing her genius. After a short residence in New-York, they retired to Poughkepsie, whence after a year or two they removed to Tomhanick, a beautiful solitary little village eighteen miles above Albany. Here Mr. Bleecker built him an house on a little eminence, which commanded a pleasant and romantic prospect. This was such a retreat as she had always desired; for the dark forest, the foaming river, and the green valley had more charms for her than the gay metropolis, which she had left, and in which she was so well calculated to shine.

Till the memorable 1777, she lived in the most perfect tranquility, and in the uninterrupted enjoyment of social and domestic happiness. Now, however, they began to experience a fatal reverse; the fair prospects of a continuance of terrestrial bliss were suddenly blasted: the clamorous thunders of war frightened them from their peaceful dwelling, and the blasting hand of desolation dispersed them as a flock in the desart.

Mr. Bleecker, hearing of the approaches of the infatuated Burgoyne, had left his wife, with the children and servants, while he went to Albany to provide a place of refuge. But he had only been gone a day, when, as Mrs. Bleecker sat at breakfast, she received intelligence, that the enemy were within two miles of the village,

burning and murdering all before them. Terrified beyond description, and taking her Abella in her arms, and her other daughter, of about four years old, by the hand, she set off on foot, with a young mulatto girl, leaving her house and furniture to the mercy of the approaching savages. The roads were crowded with carriages, loaded with women and children but none could afford her assistance; distress was depictured on every countenance, and tears of heartfelt anguish moistened every cheek. After a tedious walk of some miles, she obtained a seat for the children upon one of the waggons, and walked up to Stony-Arabia, where she expected to find many friends; but here she was deceived, no door being open to her, whose house had been used by many of them as a home; she wandered from door to door, and, at length, obtained a place in the garret of a rich old acquaintance, where a couple of blankets stretched upon some boards, were offered her as a bed. Next morning Mr. Bleecker coming from Albany, met with them and returned to that city, whence they set off with several other families, by water. At twelve miles below Albany, her little Abella was taken so ill, that they were obliged to go on shore, where she died. The impression this event made on the mind of Mrs. Bleecker, who was naturally of a pensive turn, were never effaced. The remembrance of every circumstance which led to it, the return of the season, the voice of an infant, or even the calm approach of a summer's evening, never failed to revive her misery.

From this they proceeded to Red-Hook, where she met with another dispensation of Divine Providence, which caused the tears of sorrow to burst afresh. Her aged mother, an ornament to her sex, who had for some time been declining very fast, died almost immediately after her daughter's arrival. The capture of Burgoyne soon after taking place, they again set off to visit their little solitude; but in their journey thither, she had the mournful office of closing the eyes of her sister, Mrs. Switts. She has well described the keenness of her sensibility upon these sad events, in a letter to a friend, which, since her death, has been published in a volume, we shall presently notice.

From this period, till August 1781, they lived in tolerable tranquility; when, as Mr. Bleecker was assisting in the harvest, he, with two of his men, were made prisoners by a party from Canada, and taken off immediately. Mrs. Bleecker, after having, for some time, looked in vain for his return, was at no loss to conjecture what was become of him; for a number of small parties from Canada were known to be sculking in the woods, for the sole purpose of carrying off the most active citizens. The neighbours, therefore, were immediately alarmed, and the woods, as far as was practicable, were searched; but they could not discover a single trace of the party. Mrs. Bleecker giving him up for lost, set off for Albany directly, though it was then near night, and abandoned herself to the most hopeless grief; but, by a wonderful train of events, Mr. Bleecker was retaken by a party from Bennington, after his conductors had carried him so far, that they had considered themselves as perfectly secure. He returned to her in six days, and the joy she felt at finding him, operating more powerfully than the grief she experienced at his loss, a fit of sickness ensued, which nearly proved fatal. They again returned to Tomhanick.

Though Mrs. Bleecker was witness to many scenes of distress, during the late war, in many of which she was the principal sufferer, yet the idea of a far distant peace, which should again restore her to her friends, gilt the solitary shades which encompassed her, and bore her up under frequent and poignant grief.

In the year 1782, the spring after the peace, she revisited New-York, in hopes of seeing her old acquaintances and friends, but her hopes were far from being realized: some were dead; others had left the continent; and the few, who remained, were in different States. The places which she once knew, as the scenes of festivity, were now sunk into dust; or, if by hard searching, she at last descried them, they only met her eyes as monuments of dreary piles, mouldering fast beneath the relentless hand of *Time* and *War*. Her sensibility was too keen for her peace. She had struggled on through the war, and had suffered hope to beguile the hours devoted to distress; but now the illusion vanished—she despaired of any future enjoyment on earth. She returned to her cottage, where her health very rapidly declined; and on the 23d of November, 1783, her calm spirit winged its flight, without a struggle or a groan. She retained her senses till within a few minutes of her death; and the last words she uttered, were assurances of the pleasing prospect of a happy immortality.

The benevolence of her disposition had extended itself to all classes of people; and in the village where she dwelt, there were several families, who might be called her dependents. To the aged and infirm, she was a physician and a friend—to the orphan she was a mother, and a soother of the widow's woes. All loved, all honored her; and, as they followed her to the grave, seemed individually to say by their tears "we have lost her, whose equal we shall never see again." Many of her writings have been irretrievably lost. Part of them were collected and published in 1793, by Messrs. T. and J. Swords of New-York, under the title of the "Posthumous works of Ann Eliza Bleecker, in Prose and Verse;" to which is prefixed, memoirs of her life written by her daughter, the late accomplished Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugieres, from which we have condensed the preceding.

An American Poet, the late RICHARD B. DAVIS, pays an elegant tribute to the memory of Mrs. BLEECKER, in the following stanzas inscribed on her picture.

Amid that tuneful throng whose strains divine
Resounded first on free Columbia's strand,
Bleecker! the most melodious song was thine,
The sweetest lyre was that which graced *thy hand.*

Thy muse was *Nature,*—she inspired the song,
Profuse on thee she pour'd her warmest beam,
While list'ning Hudson, on his wand-'ring stream,
Pleas'd, bore the magic melody along.

Muse of the Hudson! thy loved name shall bloom,
To thy admiring country ever dear;
And many a bright wreath, dew'd with many a tear,
Her sons shall weave to decorate thy tomb.

Virtue thy early fate shall fondly mourn,
Fame bid thy praise on sounds of rapture float,
And weeping genius, o'er the laurell'd urn
Reclining, pour forth many a plaintive note.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND is the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, who died at Kilmore in Ireland, Bishop of that see; a prelate of exemplary character, who fulfilled the duties of his station in a manner that acquired to him universal esteem.

By his father's side Mr Cumberland is great-grandson to the learned and excellent Bishop Cumberland, author of the work entitled *De Legibus Naturæ*, and many other well known productions. By the mother's side he is grandson to Dr. Richard Bentley, master of Trinity College, in whose house he was born. His moth-

er, Joanna, was the Phœbe, whom Byron celebrates in his famous pastoral of *My Time, O ye Muses.*

Richard was educated at Bury school under the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; but when that eminent master retired, he was removed to Westminster, and was from thence admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen. For the first three years of his time, as an undergraduate, he devoted himself so entirely to classical studies, that when he commenced *Soph*, he was summoned to dispute in the schools before he had read a single proposition in Euclid. By the most universal application to mathematical studies, he in one year made a progress so extraordinary, and established such a reputation, that the schools were crowded at his disputations, and the highest academical honour was awarded him when he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. This was followed by electing him fellow of the college at the age of nineteen, a year before the usual time; and when his views in life were diverted from the profession of his ancestors, he was chosen one of the two lay-fellows of that college, to retain him in the society.

To the late Earl of Halifax he remained attached for twenty years, and accompanied him to Ireland as under secretary in the first year of the king's reign. He then declined the honour of a baronetcy, which his patron pressed upon him, but obtained the bishoprick of Clonfert for his father.

By his wife Elizabeth the daughter of George Ridge, Esq. of Kilmiston in Hampshire, he had four sons and as many daughters. Of the former, two devoted themselves to the army and two to the navy; in each profession he has lost a son, and in each he has a son still living. Of his daughters, one died an infant, two are married, and one remains unmarried, who was born at Madrid, when he was sent into Spain upon a secret and confidential commission.

In that service, it is supposed he was cruelly and injuriously treated by his employers; but as he appears to have maintained a strict silence as to the circumstances of that unfortunate period of his history, we shall not attempt to develope it upon vague and unauthorized report. It is understood that the riots in London traversed all his manœuvres at the court of Madrid, when they were in the most promising posture for a happy termination.

Soon after his return from Spain, with a constitution reduced to the last state of debility, by climate and fatigue, and probably by the mental sufferings which his treatment must have occasioned, he found himself dismissed from the lucrative office of Secretary to the Board of Trade, when that establishment was reduced by what was termed Mr. Burke's reform.

Other circumstances, not less aggravating, had occurred to affect his spirits and reduce his fortune. An aged relation, with whom he lived in no habits of connection or acquaintance, had surprised him by a voluntary adoption of him, as his heir; he put into his hands the deeds of his estates, and peremptorily required him to cause an absolute transfer to be made to him of his entire property at his death. This Mr. Cumberland would not any otherwise accept, than by attaching to it a condition, that should, in all cases, empower the donor to revoke his voluntary gift. Ten years of uninterrupted harmony and good will between the contracting parties had now expired, when his benefactor saw fit, upon family reasons, to revoke his grant, and reclaim his deeds. They were punctually returned.

Discharged from public office, he seems to have employed his leisure in those pursuits that were till then diverted into other occupations, by the duties of his station. In this period he has written much and variously. His tracts on the *Spanish School of Painters*, his *Observers*, his *Novels*, his *Dramatick Works*, not to omit

the chiefest of his performances, his religious epick called *Calvary*, must be allowed as proofs of a versatility as well as fecundity of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom, if ever exceeded by any writer within the same period of years. We are not provided with a correct list of his dramatick compositions, but we know they already exceed in number those of Dryden, and amount to considerably above thirty; and of these not one, but his comedy of *The Dependant*, ever met with a rebuff from the audience. If this be true, it is a very singular instance.

He is accused by his cotemporaries of too great rapidity, and of course carelessness, in his compositions; but of this, none but his intimates can properly judge, as none else can correctly know how many hours of the day he devotes to study, and what pains he may give to correction of his first thoughts. Certain it is, no author can be more amenable to friendly criticism, nor any more patient under that which is notoriously unfriendly. That he has been strictly and uniformly silent under the lash of illiberality is fully ascertained, and that he has never employed his pen to annoy the feelings of others, is, on his own part, repeatedly and solemnly averred, and on ours, should be as solemnly believed.

"I have, (says he, in his Observers) passed a life of many labours, and now being near its end, have little to boast but of an inherent goodwill towards mankind, which disappointments, injuries, and age itself, have not been able to diminish. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man: I love my country and cotemporaries to a degree of enthusiasm, that I am not sure is perfectly defensible; though, to do them justice, each in their turns have taken some pains to cure me of my partiality. It is however one of those stubborn habits which people are apt to excuse in themselves, by calling it a *second nature*." [*Mon. Mir.* 1797.]

Richard Cumberland, Esq. (says the anonymous author of the Pursuits of Literature) is an author of various talents and considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatick works, which have received the sanction of publick esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service to the cause of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comick writers, I believe all learned readers will agree that he is the only man in the kingdom, with whom we are publickly acquainted, equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "publick too long." But as he has quitted the stage, (as he affirms himself,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and a *consummate master* of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatick writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own.

[*Pursuits of Lit.*]

The following little poem has lately been in circulation at Tunbridge Wells. It conveys a delicate compliment to the present father of English poetry, the justice of which will hardly be disputed by those who have the advantage of knowing him. It is understood to be the joint production of Mrs. Riddell and Sir James Burges: rumour ascribes to the former the first three stanzas, and the remainder to the latter.

With the Muses and nature once loitering, quoth Time,
"Your skill you might better employ,
Than in idly contriving such works to sublime
As one stroke of my scythe can destroy."

"Peace, boaster! your laws," cried a Muse, "you will find
One pupil of ours can defy:

Your touch has improv'd the rich stores of his mind
Without quenching the fires of his eye.

"See where CUMBERLAND smiles as our contest he hears,
And displays, as a proof of this truth,
With the treasures of science and knowledge of years,
The spirit and graces of youth."

"Scoff on," Time replied; "the example you bring
As a proof of my power may be shown:
The Muses and Graces may boast of his Spring,
But his Winter I claim as my own.

"You, Nature, endowed him with talents, 'tis true,
And his mind by the Muse was allur'd;
Yet 'twas I who directed the shoot as it grew,
And by me was his harvest matur'd.

"Of your gifts I allow you to say what you will,
But here I assert my own claim;
I confess you're the guardians of Helicon's rill,
But I keep the Temple of Fame."

"Be content" cried Apollo, "and hear what I say;
We may equally claim him as ours;
At his birth I illumin'd his soul with my ray;
You, each, have augmented his powers.

"To make him immortal then let us unite,
And wide, like his worth, be his praise:
Set our Riddell at work his encomium to write,
Let her hand weave his Chaplet of Bays."

[*Spirit of the Pub. Jour.* 1804.]

VARIETY.

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When Mr. S—was studying the law in the Temple, his circumstances were (like Miles's Boy's) not the best in the world; he often translated and scribbled for the Booksellers—to support a gentleman-like appearance; but like Charles Surface, *Justice could not keep pace with his generosity*, and he was consequently exposed to the insult, and pressure of many creditors.—Among the rest appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in such a manner, that our good hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions to whom he would not refuse admittance, he had a square hole cut in the door, with a slider, and opposite to it he placed a looking-glass in such a situation, that on his servant's removing the slider, he could see who called on him, and give his directions accordingly. A gentleman asked our orator, what was his reason for placing the glass in that situation? He archly replied. That, Sir, is my *dun*-ometer.

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THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN EPIGRAM—*The Hint taken from a fact.*

Three belles in a garden, were viewing the plants,
Conducted respectively by their gallants.
"Here, Nancy," said William, "is one will reveal
"A secret which many fam'd beauties conceal;
"For where modest virtue hath flown from its stand,
"It wilts at the touch, and recedes from the hand."
The young ladies gaz'd, as if rather dismay'd:
But Nancy at length said, "Poh! I'm not afraid;"
Her fair hand advanc'd—the experiment try'd;
When lo! in an instant the plant droop'd and dy'd!
The poor girl first redden'd—then whiter than snow,
Said softly, "*Lord help me, how does the plant know.*"

—

QUIN being one day in a coffee-house, saw a young beau enter, in an elegant negligee dress, quite languid with the heat of the day. "Waiter," said the "coxcomb, in an affected faint voice, "waiter, fetch me a dish of coffee, weak "as water, and cool as a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder, immediately vociferated, "Waiter, bring *me* a dish of cof-"fee, hot as h..ll, and strong as d....m....n:" The beau, starting, exclaimed, "Wait-"er, pray what is that gentleman's name!" Quin, in the same tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waiter, pray what is that *la-*"*dy's* name?"

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From a Philadelphia Paper.

GALVANISM.

Professor ROBISON has remarked, that drinking of porter out of a pewter pot, produces a more brisk sensation than when it is taken out of a glass vessel; and this he ascribes to a galvanic effect. In this instance, there is a combination of ONE metal and TWO dissimilar fluids. In the act of drinking, one side of the

pewter pot is exposed to the saliva and the humidity of the mouth; while the other metallic side is in contact with the porter. In completing the circuit in the act of drinking, a brisk & lively sensation arises, which imparts an agreeable relish to the porter. This gentleman has also carried the principle of galvanic influence so far as to fancy, that snuff, taken out of a metallic snuff box, excites a more agreeable sensation, than when taken out of a box of tortoise shell, or *papier mache*.

The effect of the discoloration of a silver spoon, in the act of eating eggs, is likewise a curious galvanic operation. Carlisle has proved the existence of sulphur both in the yolk and in the albumen of an egg.—A tea-spoon, left immersed into either of these substances, undergoes no discoloration; but the above remarkable phenomenon takes place in the act of eating the egg; the extremity of the spoon which is most in the mouth, being always found to be the most discoloured; hence, the galvanic combination in this instance, consists of the sulphurated solution, the silver tea-spoon, and the saliva. Chemical philosophers assume it as a principle, that sulphurated hydrogen gas, is the substance that causes the discoloration; but, in what manner does galvanism produce it? Creve has shewn, that in every galvanic operation, water is decomposed, consequently, the presence of sulphur and the phenomena of the decomposition of water, readily solves the problem. The oxigen appears to combine with the metal, whilst the other principle, namely, the hydrogen of the water, unites with the sulphur of the egg, forms sulphurated hydrogen gas, the presence of which is necessary to produce the phenomena of discoloration. In fact, upon the principle of simple galvanic combinations, many curious phenomena are explicable.

Besides the above, another very important one is the following:

Formerly, in applying copper sheets to the bottom of ships, it being the custom to employ iron bolts, it was remarked that the copper soon became loosened in the part where the two metals were in contact; consequently, from the data assumed by galvanic philosophers, this arrangement constituted a simple galvanic combination of two dissimilar metals; (iron and copper) the one a more oxidizable and the other a less oxidizable metal, and an interposed fluid was the sea water, (the oxigenizing fluid) being a solution principally) of muriate of Soda, and the metallic substances which were noticed. In a similar arrangement, the iron, the most oxidizable metal, in becoming oxidized in the part more immediately in contact with the copper, is soon destroyed, and detached from the latter substance.

Galvani, in the commencement of the discovery of the important principle which we have cited, having one day suspended a frog on the iron palisadoes contiguous to his house, for the conveniency of dissection, and a silver probe which he employed, now and then casually touching the palisadoes, surprised to find, that at every contact, the muscles were thrown into action; as he soon perceived that the same effects were not produced when his scissors or forceps formed the medium between the frog and the iron railing, he was led to suspect that the convulsions were produced by the influence of two different metals; hence we are informed originated Galvanic electricity.

—

From the (Boston) Polyanthos.

THE REELING ROSCIUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Tom Rantum, a buck and a comical dog
With his heart full of glee and his head full of grog,
One eve to the play house, in good sailing trim,
With a swing and a hiccough went reeling ripe in.
Tom collar'd poor POWELL, and swore he'd engage
Some devilish high-go to act on the stage.
"Your Bernard's a quiz, and your Twaits is a hum,
"Let ME go on the stage, and I'll show the house fun."
The Manager, seeing Tom Rantum's gay trim,
With this smooth civil speech thought to humour his whim:
"What characters, Sir, will you purpose to act?
I must know what you'll play before we contract."
Play!—D—me—your question is cursed uncivil!
Play?—hickup—Play?—hickup—Why I'll play the DEVIL. S.

—

An Irish Officer of Dragoons on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick there's that mother of mine married again! I hope she wont have a son older than me, for if she has I shall be cut out of my estate."

If as Swift says, God has decreed vengeance against punning, the late George Selwyn was unfortunate indeed. So confident was he in his powers in this way, that he once bet a friend three guineas that he would produce a pun on *any given subject*. "Done," replies his friend, "*pun on the King*."—D—n it, (rejoined the witty George) you know just as well as I do that the king's *no subject*.

—

THE CHAIN OF GOVERNMENT.

When Belzebub first to make mischief began
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man:
This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer
That *woman* rules *man*, and the *devil* rules *her*.

—

A modern Tourist says "they make as good *Cheshire* cheese in Ireland, as any *other part* of England!

—

A German Literatus has discovered that the word in Hebrew which is commonly translated *rib*, more properly signifies *tongue*, and consequently that Eve was taken out of Adam's *tongue*. This is extremely probable.

—

A country gentleman, a few days since, asked his son, who was at College, what was meant by *Bachelor of Arts!* "One (said the student) who *woos* the arts, but never *weds* them!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

—

For the Pastime.

MR. EDITOR,

The enclosed was written in order to try the sound of six and eight feet lines, without rhyme. If you like the piece, it is at your service.

ON SEEING A MANIACK.

I've seen the Lilly in its pride
Bedeck'd with pearly dew;
I've seen it bow its head and die
Nipp'd by untimely frost.

I've seen the sun rise clear and bright
And shed his beams around;
I've seen dark clouds his noon o'ercast,
I've seen him set in storms.

I've seen mild Spring her chaplet weave
For Summer's manly brow;
I've seen it torn by Autumn's blast
And made the Winter's sport.

I've seen the temple built for years
Heave high its guilded arch;
I've seen its moss-grown roof and walls
In ruins, tumble down.

But all the changes of the year,
Of nature and of art;
Affect me not, as when I see
The ruins of a mind.

N.

—

[By a happy accident a volume of Dermody's poems, which are rare in England, and totally unknown in this country, have fallen into our hands. We select one, which seems to have been written in imitation of the celebrated ballad, beginning

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow—

and which rivals it in harmony of numbers, simplicity of style, and pathos of description.]

A BALLAD.

In tenui, tenuis non gloria. VIRG.

I.

'Twas early in the morning, and passing sweet to view,
The glis'ning Sun had kist off cold April's falling dew,
I heard a lonely Virgin, all by a river side,
Lament thus sore her lost Love, who in the battle dy'd,
She rung her hands more white than snow, she tore her yellow hair,
And tho' in sorrow sunk, alas! metho't look'd wond'rous fair,
For ever as the trembling tear, stood bursting in her eye,
Her pretty bosom swell'd to sight, and gave a piteous sigh.

II.

"Why would'st thou go, my own love, the cruel wars to brave,
Was not this bosom softer, than Ocean's troubled wave?
Oh! did you on the damp ground, enjoy such sweet repose,
Or, could those smiles that conquer'd me, appease your deadly foes?
When round your comely temples, where curling tresses grew,
The bloody faulchions glitter'd, the whistling bullets flew,
Could you no pitying angel, o'erhead, to save you see,
And when I thought of you, love, did you still think of me!"

III.

The green sod where we lay, love, I've
cover'd o'er with flow'rs,
And there I've prest the cold earth, for
many silent hours,
A willow-plant I planted, which you
would joy to see,
But the flow'rs are all long wither'd, tho'
the willow grows for me!
Ungrateful flow'rs they were, for morn,
and ev'ning here,
I gently op'd their little leaves, and wa-
ter'd with a tear,
And though the drooping willow-slip had
least of all my care,
Behold you, how it springs up, as fast
as my despair!"

IV.

"My father is a hard one, his heart is
made of stone,
My mother, too, is hard, and my sisters
mock my moan,
They talk to me of sweethearts, of gold,
and jest, and glee,
They little think my poor heart is in the
grave with thee!
But they nor all the world, my thoughts
of thee shall know,
And in this nook I'll hide up the treasure
of my woe,
Till Grief and Sorrow tir'd out, I'll steal
off, bye and bye,
And here upon the green sod, I'll lay me
down and die!"

THE BATTLE OF HOHEN-LINDEN,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

(Contained in no edition of his works.)

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each warrior drew his battle blade,
And furious ev'ry charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then rush'd the steeds, to battle driven,
Then shook the hills, by thunder riven,
And, volleying like the bolt of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of purpled snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

Tis morn—yet scarce the lurid sun
Can pierce the war-cloud's rolling dun
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens—on the brave
Who rush to glory or the grave,
Wave, Munich! all your banners wave!
And charge with all your chivalry!

Ah, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

[The latin poetry of Mr. Sargent, of Boston, is admired by Scholars. Few Americans have cultivated classical learning with more assiduity, and few have been better rewarded for their application.]

AD VESPERAM.

Cum Sol, discedens, alias cito fertur in
oras,
Et portans hominum curas et murmura se-
cum;
Inter et agricolas, cum non labor ullus
aratri
Longius a bovibus fessis præsepia claudit;
Cum pastor pecudesque vagas compellit
in unum;
Vespera, tum veniunt tua tempora, nuntia
noctis.
Tum tua, tum veniunt ferme Dilucida
regna.
Vallibus incipiunt imis, dum montibus altis
Lux simulatque Diem, dum Vox procul
hæret in Œta.—
Excelsoque loco, tenebrosa, per æthera,
Diva
Nunc cito descendit, linquens vestigia
currus.
Nunc tua regna fugis, valles non sponte
relinquens;
Nunc collesque petis; nunc summa ca-
cumina montis.
Siste gradum, tu, blanda Dea, et concede
videri;
Siste gradum, nunc longe fugis; e valli-
bus atris
Discedam, montes Diva occupat um-
brifera altos.

L. M. SARGENT.

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